BALLADE OF A LETTER.

She set her face against the misted pane, And watched the gray expanses of the sky Blurred by the unremitting gusts of rain; A few sad footfarers went stumbling by, Meeting the sleety blast with blinded eye And she whose lids with bitter tears were wet. Cried as she gazed with agonizing cry-"Alas, alas, andenot a letter yet!"

Back sped her thoughts to summer's sweet domain, To a deep wood beyond the fields of rye; There did she see the pathway once again

Where down came one who made the shad-There did her heart leap at his blithe reply There hands and lips in lover's rapture met; Now must she cry her pitiful soul cry-"Alas, alas, and not a letter yet!"

Oh, all the longing and the yearning vain! The dragging nights when slumber came not

The dreary dawns that brought no cease of pain,
The golden hours of day so slow to die. Still must she wait and watch despairingly The sun of hope in somber vapors set; Still must she cry her dolorous heart cry-

ENVOY. O maidens all, untouched by destiny, Ettarre, Clothilde, Hellayne or Violet, Ne'er may you cry that melancholy cry-"Alas, alas, and not a letter yet! -Clinton Scollard in Woman's Home Companion.

"Alas, alas, and not a letter yet!"

THE CRICKET.

A small, slender person, with a fresh complexion and a body and limbs so diminutive that they seemed a reduced copy of those of an ordinary woman. but possessed of a pair of large black eyes which sent the blood to the head of those upon whom she turned themsuch was Noeline Fargus, the young mistress of the mill of Espibos. A ramshackle old structure, built a-straddle of a brook, isolated in a grove of alders, leaning to one side, dilapidated, eaten away by the ivy that covered it, supported here and there by large beams that looked like crutches, but endowed with an alert and joyous clatter which made it resemble a talkative peasant woman. Such was the home of Noeline-the old mill of Espibos.

The mill, decrepit as it was, had its faithful customers. Its mistress, though small, had a goodly number of lovers.

Among these two were chiefly to be distinguished Aristide Larrieussec, a big, chubby cheeked fellow, the son of a neighboring farmer, and Jouanin Lacaze, a fair haired youth, who was serving in the quality of an apprentice at the largest shop of the neighboring vil-

Aristide, the farmer, often prowled around the mill, his pockets full of fruit for the object of his affections. The two ate it together seated in front of the millstone, while the iron wheel turned by the water sang its unceasing rhythmic song, and the white flour fell silently, covering everything around as with a frosting of sugar.

Jouanin, the shopkeeper, was less fortunate. He hardly saw Noeline except on Sundays after mass, when she cameto buy needles and thread at the shop in the village. At such times Jouanin was flushed with joy. He displayed before the kind eyes of the young girl all the spools of thread and all the papers and a long time was spent in making a selection, while occasionally the fingers of the two touched each other in the midst of the articles they were

handling. Sometimes, too, of a Sunday evening Jouanin would obtain a couple of hours' leave of absence and bring his rod and line to fish in the brook of Espibos. He hardly ever caught anything, because the brook contained fewer fish than any other in the neighborhood, but Jouanin would choose his position so that he could watch at the same time the window of the mill and the float of his fishing line. He consoled himself for the immobility of the latter by locking at the charming things

which were to be seen at the former. At nightfall Noeline would generally come to look for her ducks on the banks of the brook, and the grasp of the hand which the lovers exchanged in that Sabbath twilight was so sweet that Jouanin dreamed of it till the follow-

The mistress of the mill had no hesitation in choosing among her lovers. It was Jouanin whom she preferred to all | the trees of the grove. the others. She hardly thought of anything but him. Him alone she trusted entirely, with him alone she felt perfectly happy.

Fair haired Jonanin was therefore authorized to pay his court, and Noeline's mother soon invited him to come long autum n evenings. The first time, however, that the

young shopkeeper went to visit his sweetheart a strange thing happened. The cricket which always chirped behind the kitchen chimney remained si-"That is singular," thought Noeline's

And the young girl on her part turned quite pale.

And when Jouanin came for his second visit the same thing happened. As soon as the wooer opened the door the cricket ceased chirping.

Upon this Noeline's mother crossed herself, and her daughter clasped her trembling hands beneath her apron.

Every time that Jouanin entered the house the hostile cricket refused to let itself be heard, and in listening closely one could hear a peculiar sound, an inexplicable scratching in the chimney, as if the little creature were revolting. Jouanin?" Noeline cried a good deal, and her

mother was much depressed. Like the majority of peasant women, they both attached great importance to the chirping of their cricket. They were aware that the song of one of those insects in a house insures to its inhabitants happiness and prosperity. The fact of its remaining silent whenever a cricket. Jouanin was present was regarded as a misfortune upon any one who had any- tear.

thing to do with him. And yet Noeline knew very well that her lover was good, honest and in- ried there, he had had children, he had an aggravation of the trouble, as it dustrious. She thought she could read many promises of happiness in his lov- and his family were happy. Only he and hurries the poison through the Thomas Whitfield & Co., 240 Wa ing gray eyes, but the cricket aid not had felt a desire to see his old home agree with her. It might have proved once more after 25 years of absence. dangerous not to heed its warning, and and from economical reasons he had when the timid shopkeeper came, with made the journey as a peddler, selling bowed head and a lump in his throat, thread, needles and other cheap wares. to ask Noeline's mother for her daughter's hand the old woman looked very | ceed, Jonanin!" said Noeline sighing. grave and the girl could hardly refrain from sobbing in her apron. Jouanin the fireplace. The mistress of the mill was rejected. He was not given the true seemed overcome by a growing emotion.

house that he entered.

The mother gave him plenty of probable pretexts, and Noeline escaped from the room to hide her grief. She went and sat down by the millstone in the old, dilapidated mill, listened to the drops of water falling over the great iron wheel, and when she heard Jouanin closing the door as he left the house to return home by the alder grove, along the murmuring brook, she thought her heart would stop beating in her breast. and she prayed to God aloud, as if she

had been in fear of death. The following week Jouanin left the country. With his clothes tied in a handkerchief he went off during a cold twilight, when the last leaves seemed shivering on the trees. He entered the alder grove and went along the brook of Espibos. The young mistress of the mill saw him coming and remained standing motionless at her door.

"Good evening, Noeline!" he said slowly.

"Good evening, Jouanin!" she replied, lowering her eyes.

Then as he went on she ventured to

"So you are going to leave the coun-

He seemed to stumble a little on the path covered with leaves.

"Yes; I have found a place at Orthez.'

She said nothing. Unconsciously she turned and twisted between her fingers a small silver cross that hung at her throat, and with dim, troubled eyes she watched Jonanin as he went in the increasing darkness through the silent | woods.

A small, slight person, bent, with the lean body and limbs of a wornout old woman, but still possessed of a pair of expressive eyes far younger than the face of which they formed a part-such was Noeline Fargues, the mistress of the mill of Espibos 25 years after the departure of Jouanin Lacaze. The peasant women of the south of France fade

A-straddle of the brook, as of old, the mill still held its own, thanks to several supplementary crutches, and its clatter was as merry as that of a new one.

Noeline Fargues had not married. Jouanin gone, no other lover had succeeded in touching her heart. Aristide Larrieussec, ardent though he was, had been discarded like all the rest. The young farmer, long inconsolable, had finally married a girl from the neighborhood. At the present day he visited his old sweetheart only for the purpose of selling her his grain. They had both probably forgotten the delicious fruit they had eaten together by the millstone long ago while the white flour fell silently, dusting every object around them.

Jouanin, for his part, had never re-

Many a time Noeline had wandered along the brook in the innocent hope of seeing the young shopkeeper appear before her. She had thought of him nearly every day, and almost every night when the cricket sang she grew sad and sat dreaming by her lonely fireside until the resin candle had burned itself

Alas, Orthez was so far away! The people of Espibos never go to that town. At the shop in the village no one had heard anything about Jouanin. What had become of the fair haired young appentice? Noeline still prayed for him from time to time when her poor soul was sadder than usual, and by degrees, in the hollow breast of the lonely peasant woman, the beatings of her heart became cold and monotonous, like the clatter of her poor old mill.

One moonlight evening Noeline, who was then 4? years old, was expecting Larrieussec, Jouanin's former rival. He was coming to sell her his corn and to discuss the price. Noeline had offered 12 francs and 5 sous for the bag. The farmer had asked 12 francs and 15 sous. It was nearly 9 o'clock. The night was warm; the moon cast its white light on the winding path through the grove. Noeline, standing on the threshold of the mill, saw some one approaaching.

"That is not Larrieussec," she thought. "He does not come that way." The unknown had a square box on his back. He walked slowly, seemed fatigued, and, as if he were a stranger, looked closely at the brook, the mill,

"Good evening, my good woman!" he said as he stopped. "Would you like to see Our Lady of Lourdes?"

He was evidently a peddler from the Bearn or the Bigourde, one of those traveling salesmen from Pau or Bagneres, who, under the pretext of showand eat chestnuts at the mill during the ing a statuette of the Virgin, which they carry at the bottom of their box, sell to the country people rosaries, medals, as well as needles and thread.

> "My poor fellow, it is rather dark for looking at your Virgin.' However, as the peddler's voice sounded gentle and as the Virgin's interces-

sion might possibly induce Larrieussec to lower his price to 12 francs 5 sous, Noeline continued: "Come in, salesman! I will look at

your Virgin by the light of our resin." So the peddler followed her into the mill. When Noeline could see his face, she felt the blood rushing to her thin cheeks, and when the salesman looked at her he seemed equally disturbed. At last in rather a plaintive voice the man

asked: "So you still live here, Noeline?" "Oh, heavens!" replied the mistress of the mill, her heart throbbing violently. "Is it possible that it is you,

And for a moment they remained si-

The water of the brook fell in resounding drops on the iron wheel of the mill, as it had done long ago, when the young shopkeeper courted the girl he loved. And suddenly behind the chimney piece was heard the clear chirp of

Noeline felt a slight pricking in her sure sign that the poor lad would bring eyes, which seemed like the birth of a

> Jouanin told her of his life. He had succeeded well at Orthez. He had mar- cording to the general belief, is really tradict that -- Faltimore Sun. a shop there, and at the present day he | accelerates the circulation of the blood

The cricket was still chirping behind was rejected. He was not given the true reason. It would have troubled him to "Well, then," stammered Jouanin, "Well, then," stammer learn that he brought bad luck to a "will you ten me, voetne, and learn that he brought bad luck to a would not marry me 25 years ago?"

she could not answer at first. She BIG GABRIEL SAILES. pointed to the chimney with a shamefaced gesture, feeling tempted to hide her face in her apron, as she had been HE WAS A MIGHTY MAN IN TALLNESS | furs in different years. But there are at wont to do in her youth. "It was because of the cricket," she

"The cricket?"

"Yes; I was a fool! I thought you would bring me bad luck. The cricket stopped chirping whenever you came

"It stopped chirping? And why?" Noeline shrugged her thin shoulders to indicate that she did not know. And they both remained thoughtful. Their eyes did not dare meet in the light of the smoking rosin.

Before long, however, Larrieussec, the farmer, whom Noeline had been expecting, made his appearance.

"Good evening! I salute you!" he said after the manner of the peasants, who give as many greetings as there are persons in the company.

And when he had recognized the young shopkeeper of old he cried: "What, Jouanin, you here? What the deuce did you come for?"

"I came to talk over old times. That does one good at our age.' "Yes, indeed," replied Larrieussec.

"The good old times! By the way, did not you and Noeline think of getting married in those days?" "You are right," remarked the mis-

tress of the mill. "And do you know what prevented us?" asked the peddler. "A cricket!" "Pshaw! A cricket!" exclaimed Larrieussec. "But, let me think! I remember now"- He burst out laughing. "Oh, that was a good joke!" he cried.

'A good joke indeed!" Then he went on seriously: "Bah! You are happy, are you not, both of you? We are all happy here! So there will be no harm in confessing the little tricks of our youth. Ah, that was a capital one! Listen, Jouanin: We are as good friends as ever, are we not, old boy? Very well. It was because I watched you and scratched the outside of the chimney there toward our field every time you came to court Noeline. You see, you were not the only know some one who was horribly jeal-

ous of you!" Then, seeing that this revelation had a chilling effect on his auditors and that Noeline's eyes rested on him sadly, he said very generously:

"But that isn't all. I came to tell you that I accept your price, 12 francs 5 sous a bag. Will that do, Noeline?" And Noeline answered in a low tone: "It will do, Larrieussec."

Upon this the farmer bought some spools of thread for his wife of the merchant of Orthez and paid for them at once without haggling.

"Adieu! I salute you!" he said as he

The two old lovers remained alone. They did not say much. Jouanin | you!" slowly rearranged his wares. Noeline watched him while unconsciously turning and twisting the old silver cross, which still hung at her throat, between her poor misshapen and bony fingers. For a moment, quite weak and despairing, she felt tempted to imprint a kiss upon Jonanin's grizzled hair, once so caress upon a man.

"Well, then, good night, Noeline!" said the peddler, lifting his box to his

"Good night, Jouanin!" They shook hands in some embarrass-

ment and then separated. He followed the moonlit path through the grove. She, standing at the door of the mill, looked after him, while beas if it would have told Noeline of all hers. - From the French For Short Sto-

Piano Practice and Pens. Leschetizky the famous teacher of the piano in Vienna, often brightens his talk with reminiscence. "I always practiced a piece with six dried peas, he said to one pupil. "When I began, I would lay the six peas on the piano rack side by side. Then when I had played the piece through perfectly or a part of it I would put one of the peas in my pocket. That would leave five peas, and when I had played it through perfectly a second time I would put another pea in my pocket, and so I would go on until I had played it through perfectly six times in succession, and all the peas were in my pockets. But if I made a single mistake, say in the third playing or the fourth playing, I would put the six peas back on the rack and begin all over again. Whoever practices with six dried peas is sure to play as well as he can."—Ladies' Home

A Great Bargain.

The country store owned by Mr. Jabez Dodd contained such a motley conglomeration in the way of "stock" that a village lounger one day offered to bet that another man could not ask for anything in ordinary, everyday use with-

out Uncle Jabe's producing it. The two men entered the store, and the challenged party said: "Got any false teeth on hand today,

Uncle Jabe?" Without an instant's hesitation Uncle Jabe put his hand to his mouth and about 1760. a moment later held out the hand with

a set of grinning teeth in it. "There!" he said. "I'll sell that set mighty cheap, for my gooms hev shrunk so they don't fit me no more, and I'm goin to have some new ones. If you want these fer"-

But the two men had fled, while Uncle Jabe called after them: "I'll let you have 'em fer less'n half price!"—Exchange.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

AND STRENGTH. How He Felled an Ox With a Rlow From His Fist and Scared Away a New York Prizefighter-His Queer Mode of Burial to Cheat the Devil.

On the Talbot county "Debt Book For Quit Claims, Michaelmas, 1755," made by Colonel Edward Tilghman for Henry Hollyday, Esq., representing the interests of the late lord proprietor, showing what was due on quit claims on that date, appears the following entry: "Gabriel Sailes-Rich Range, 300 acres, 6s. 0d.; Delph, 100 acres, 2s. 6d.

These farms were in what is now and was probably then called Oxford Neck, on the left hand side of the public road from Hambleton to Oxford, in a pretty and rich agricultural section. Since Sailes' day among other owners of the land was John Leeds Kerr, some time United States senator.

Of course no one living ever saw Gabriel Sailes or ever saw any one that did see him. He left no descendants, and as far as is known to the narrator or to the people he has talked with there is no one of his kindred living. But his name is as well known to this generation as that of any of his contemporaries-better known than nearly all of them. The stories told about him and the traditions attaching to the place keep his name in remem-

He was a mighty man in tallness and strength, measuring, we are told, 6 feet 8 inches in height, and of splendid physical and muscular development. Many stories are told of his feats of strength, the best of which is this: The fame of this powerful man had gone far abroad. It had even reached New York city, where exaggerated stories of his feats and prowess had been told among men who considered they were something of giants themselves. The fellow who was in love with her, and I | most notorious pugilist in the country at that time was a big and powerful New Yorker named Garth, or Goerth.

He was a man of science in the pugilistic art, had whipped many a man and had never been bested himself. He heard so much about Gabriel Sailes and what he could do that he got mad and determined to find him and whip him. One hog killing day in November a stranger rode up to the Sailes house. "Are you Mr. Gabriel Sailes?" he demanded. "Yes. What'll ye have?" said the eastern shore man to the New Yorker, and he was not a bit startled at the latter's reply. "My name's Garth. I am a fighting man from New York. I have heard of you as a fighter, and I have come all the way down here to whip

"All right," said the eastern shore man, "wait a minute until I kill this beef." In those days, and frequently in these, it was the custom to wind up the proceedings of hog killing day by slaughtering a beef for Christmas. The animal this time was a big ox. He was | year before, and her father had told me brought up in front of Sailes, who fine and so fair, but she restrained her- struck him between the eyes with his self. Her lips were too old to bestow a | right fist and knocked him down. After cutting the ox's jugular he turned about to announce to the New Yorker that he was ready to accommodate him. | be.' but that worthy was riding rapidly out

the lane, on his way back to New York. It is not related of him that he was is told that when they asked "Mas" Gabriel" for a holiday he would exhind the chimney piece the cricket claim: "Holiday, ye black rascals! then compel them to climb up on top ridge all day. Twenty years ago a gentleman, then 75 years old, told the narrator that his father, when a small boy, had seen the negroes sitting a-straddle the top of Gabriel Sailes' barn like so

many crows. But the most singular freak of this most extraordinary man was connected coffin made while yet alive. It was made of two inch white oak stuff, cut | Star. and sawed in the midnight hours in a grove of white oaks on a headland called the Devil's Keep. The coffin was open at both ends. He directed—the writing is still extant-that "a jug of whisky be placed in one end of the coffin and a plug of tobacco in the other, so that if the devil comes in at either end he will stop to take a chaw or a drink, and I

will get out at the other." Most fantastic notion, but it is said that it was done for the purpose of showing what he thought of rum and tobacco, of which he used to say, "They are a part of the devil's diet and not fit for white men to use." In the early part of this century the grave was opened through the curiosity of some skeptical people, who affected to disbelieve the story. The thick oak coffin was there, both ends of it were open, and in one end was a jug. A record of the fact and the findings was made at the time. Another of the fantastic directions was that the grave should be dug north and south instead of east and west and a holly tree planted at each end. This was done. The hollies are living yet-big venerable trees. He died

Whoever writes the biographical annals of Talbot county and leaves out mention of this remarkable man leaves his work incomplete. These are a few of the stories and anecdotes, some serious, some comical, tradition keeps alive from generation to generation. The farm where the dwelling of Sailes stood, now reduced to 140 acres, is described

as the Sailes farm. The story of Cabriel Sailes has never been published in any form; I rather Another popular delusion is should say the stories about him have shattered. Prfoessor Leonard Steine- not. I can find out nothing about his ger, a United States government ex nativity. Some say he had been a Porpert. says that whiskey, instead of tuguese sailer before settling in Talbot, being an anticote for snakebites, ac- but his great size would seem to con-

veins and arter es with greater rapidity bash av., corner Jackson-st., one of than it would therwise have. Chicago's oldest and most prominent only gives a prompt and complete relief, by also counteracts any tendency of la grippe to result in pneumonia. For sale by Hill Orr Drug Co.

be seen with the naked eye.

Fashions and Furs.

Fashion has much to do with the position in public favor held by different least five which must always hold their own on their merits, and, like diamonds, pearls and gold, are never out of fashion. These are those of the sable, the seal, the beaver (for men's fur coats), the sea otter and the silver fox, and next after these is a list of at least 12, "with power to add to their number," which, though subject to the fluctuations of fashion, are among the most beautiful of natural ornaments and additions alike to comfort and to costume.

The fluctuations in fashion are by no means merely capricious so far as they affect furs. Different materials or tints need different furs to trim them. If. for instance, colored velvets are to be worn in mantles and capes, then chinchilla is perhaps the most charming fur. If heavy silks and black satin and beads are in fashion, nothing suits these so well as sealskin and sable. One year almost all young ladies took to wearing jackets of smooth warm brown cloth. Mink was exactly the fur to suit this. If pearly gray cloth or powder blue were fashionable, a demand for Canadian lynx or blue fox would probably be created. But an interesting point in connection with any change of fashion is that there is always some fur which seems "exactly the thing" to suit it .-Cornhill Magazine.

Engineering 2.000 Years Ago.

As a mechanician Archimedes produced the correct theory of the lever and invented no less than 40 interesting devices, including the endless screw, the pump, the organ and the "burning glass." with which latter novel weapon | mistake. He should keep the steel he is said to have set fire to the ships of an enemy's fleet from a considerable distance. The story is probably fabu- And even then he will accomplish lous, but none the less interesting, as | nothing unless he knows how to use the exhibiting the faith of the people in the | two instruments. A carver must be man and as indicating the character of | held at an angle of 20 to 25 degrees on

As engineer Archimedes was looked | the angle the same on both sides; othupon as hardly less than a magician. erwise the knife will be made dull in-He produced catapults which threw enormous stones and heavy pikes at drawn on the steel from heel to point long range into the ranks of the enemy | against the edge, and the pressure or into his ships, and great derricks | should be very light." were built by him with which to lift the attacking craft out of water or to upset it, destroying all on board, His proposed use of the lever meant the production of the inconceivable inventions in machinery and engineering construction, and his own estimate of its importance was expressed by the familiar quotation, "Give me whereon to stand and I will lift the earth." Archimedes was the first and perhaps the most inventive and greatest of early engineers. His lever still moves the world, and his spirit is inherited by generations of the men who have made modern civilization possible.—Cassier's Magazine.

Still Talking.

I rode up to a country store where a young girl stood on the porch swinging a sunbonnet and talking to a mountaineer. I had left her in that position a then his daughter and the would soon be married. Talking to the father a few minutes later, I asked:

"Is your daughter married yet?" "Naw, an I don't reckon she will "What is the trouble? I saw her talk-

ing to her lover just now." "Yaas-she don't do much else. Thet particularly cruel to his slaves. But he | feller ain' no 'count. He's ben courtin must have been pranky with them. It | for three y'ar, an axed Sal ter marry 'im a y'ar ago. I tol him ter clean out an s'posed he'd 'lope with her. I tol Sal she could hev my bes' hoss ter run | ment you lay it flat on a stone, so as to chirped calmly, clearly, indefatigably, Yes, ye shall have holiday," and would away with, but he never did make no propersition. I ain' goin ter the expense the happiness which might have been the barn and sit straddle of the roof of no weddin fixin's, an it looks like he wan't gein ter run off with her, so it jes' stan's thar. I ain' goin ter hev no home weddin-kain't afford no sich nonsense-an I've hed six gals run off an git married an that feller don't seem to hev no appreciation of the sittywa-

tion. As I left the girl was still talking to with his death and burial. He had his her lover, while the old man watched them from behind a tree. - Washington

China's First Railway.

The first railroad constructed in China was a narrow gauge line from Shanghai to Woosung, put down in 1876, and intended chiefly as an ocular demonstration to the Chinese. At the end of 12 months it was sold to a Chinese official, who straightway tore up the rails and deported them to Formosa. The sing' dummy engine of the line now reposes peacefully in the mud of some Formosan harbor, together with the wreck of the

junk in which it was transported. During these 12 menths of its existence the Shanghai-Woosung railroad. with its single dummy engine and its train of small cars-which, by the way, were of the American pattern-carried 300,000 passengers. The Chinese came from far and wide to see and experiment with this new barbarian curiosity, and the people in the neighborhood, soon finding it an institution of great practical utility, became regular pa-

The predicted uprising of the people against the construction of the road never materialized, and as for the graves along the route every farmer would manufacture as many graves as he could get dollars for permission to traverse them.—Engineering Magazine.

One That He Didn't Miss. "Brownling is a fellow who has missed many a fine opportunity, according to his own statements." "Yes, but I remember a time when

he rose to an occasion." "When was that?" "It was seven or eight years ago

when he and I were working in the oil regions. He thawed out a stick of dynamite. As luck would have it, he managed to catch hold of a corner of the derrick as he was going up, so he saved himseif."—Cleveland Leader.

An Honest Medicine for La Grippe.

celd and grip have all left me. I congratulate the manufacturers of an THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.

THE CARVING KNIFE'S EDGE.

Difficulty of Keeping It and How It Should Be Done. "If you can't have tender beef, the

next best thing is a sharp knife." said a chophouse proprietor, "and a sharp knife and poor beef are much better than the best beef and a dull knife. I know that from years of experience."

The conversation turned to the subject of carving knives, and the veteran said that "carvers" were harden to keep in order than the ordinary table knives because the one who carves does not make use of the steel as much as he | taining at least 3% actual should.

"It may be an acid in the beef, or it may be the moisture, or the heat, or all three," said the expert, "but there is something about hot roast beef that takes the edge off a knife and makes it rip where it should cut, and the fact that the knife is not affected that way by mutton or by ham makes me think that the dullness is a result of the action of beef ingredients on the blade.' This view was confirmed by Mr. Cur-

ley, who said: "I have handled carving

knives as a manufacturer and at my

table for many years, and I know that

the best knives will not cut properly when used on hot roast beef unless the steel is used after every few cuts. The best way is to use the steel after every cut. The steel need not be rough, as some people imagine. In fact, a well worn steel is better than one with a rough surface, and a few passes over it with the knife produce a good edge. The man who rubs and manipulates a carving knife for five minutes against a steel before he begins to carve and thinks that now he has it all right and may send the steel away makes a great handy, and pass the knife over it lightly a few times after every cut or two. the steel. One must be careful to have stead of sharp. The knife should be

A carving knife gets "tired," according to the testimony of an old luncheon counter man, and must be laid aside to rest for awhile if the best service is to be got out of it. "The roast beef eater," he said, "looks at the roast while it is being cut, and if the knife seems to pull or to halt he finds fault and, in many instances, kicks before the portion is served. To avoid this I put an edge on my knife after every cut, but even that will not keep me going all right, because the knife gets tired, and unless I give it a rest and take up a fresh one there's sure to be trouble "I usually have six knives in use.

They are of different lengths, and I use them in regular order, so that each one gets the proper amount of rest. All this is unnecessary with cold roast beef. which is much less trying on the knife than the hot article. I can carve the best part of a big cold roast without ountaineer | using the steel if the knife is in good condition when I begin, and that seems strange when one considers that the cold roast is much firmer than the hot one. But it's the heat and the gravy that tell on the edge."

Cutlers have certain rules for sharpening razors, pocket knives, etc., as well as carving knives. "A razor," Mr. Curley says, "must be laid flat on the hone, because it is hollow ground and requires a fine edge. But a pocke' knife requires a stiff edge, and the motouch the polished side, you injure the edge. It must be held at an angle of 20 to 25 degrees and have an edge similar to a chisel."-New York Tribune.

The Hapless Editor. Once upon a time an editor fell into a pit, and one of his would be contribntors came along and offered to help

"I will accept your assistance," said the editor. "Thank goodness!" said the contributor. "I have at last found something

you are willing to accept!"
"Hold on!" shrieked the editor. "Will you try to sell me that joke when I get out?"

"Then leave me to my fate."-Lon-

"Yes," said the contributor.

of 47 square miles.

don Standard. - The island of St. Helena, where Napoleon was held as a prisoner, has a population of 4,000. It has an area

ALL WOMEN AGREE.

A druggist in Macon, Ga., says: "? have sold a large quantity of Mother's Friend, and have never known an instance where it has failed to produce the good results claimed for it. All women agree that it makes labor shorter and less



Mother's Friend is not a chance remedy. Its good effects

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> ATLANTA, GA. Send for our free illustrated book for expectant mothers,

FOTTON is and will cond tinue to be the money crop of the South. The planter who gets the most cotton from a given area at the least cost, is the one who makes the most money. Good culti-

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vation, suitable rotation, and

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will insure the largest yield. We will send Free, upon application, pamphlets that will interest every cotton planter in the South.

> GERMAN KALI WORKS, oz Nassau St., New York

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. COUNTY OF ANDERSON. COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

W. M. Webb and R. C. Webb, partners in trade at Anderson, S. C., under the Firm name of Webb & Webb. Plaintiffs, against F. M. Murphy, as Trustee for the children of F. M. Murphy. Sr. deceased, Lucius M. Murphy, C. Louise Murphy, Irene Cater, (formerly Murphy) Eva Murphy, Irene Cater, (formerly Murphy) Eva Murphy, Claude Murphy, Clarence Murphy and Louis Murphy, Minors over the age of fourteen years, Defendants.—Summons for Relief—Complaint Served. laint Served.

plaint Served.

To the Defendants F. M. Murphy, as Trustee of the children of F. M. Murphy, Senior, deceased, L. M. Murphy, C. Louise Murphy, Irene Cater, (formerly Murphy,) Eva Murphy, and Claude Murphy, Clarence Murphy and Louis Murphy infants over the age of fourteen years:

YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said Complaint on the subscribers at their office, Anderson Court House, South Carolina, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such House, South Carolina, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

Dated Anderson, S. C., January 11, 1899.

BONHAM & WATKINS,

Plaintiffs' Attorney.

[SEAL] JOHN C. WATKINS, C. C. C. P.

To the absent Defendant. Clarence Murphy:
You will take notice that the Complaint in this action, together with a copy of the Summons, was filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pless for Anderson County on January 11th, 1899, and a copy of same is herewith served on you.

BONHAM & WATKINS,
Jan. 11, 1893.

Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

To the Infant Defendants, Claude Murphy, Ciarence Murphy and Louis Murphy:
You and each of you are hereby notified that unless within twenty days after service of this Summons and Complaint on you, you procure the appointment of Guardians ad litem to represent you in this action, the Plaintiffs will procure such appointment to be made. BONHAM & WATKINS, Plaintiffs' Attys.
Jan 1 1,1899 29 6

TAKE NOTICE.

THE Copartnership existing between P. B. Allen and J. H. Pruitt, under the Firm pame of Allen & Pruitt, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent of both parties interested, P. B. Allen retiring from above Firm

P. B. ALLEN. J. H. PRUITI. Feb 3, 1899

ORONO RO RORO RORO RORO "Pitts" *Carminative* Saved My Baby's Life."

LAMAR & RANKIN DRUG CO. I can not recommend Pitts' Carminative too strongly. I must say, I owe my baby's life to it. I earnestly ask all mothers who

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have sickly or delicate children just

Pitts' Carminative in sold by all Druggists. FRIOE, 25 OENTS.

SHORORORORORORORORO

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Lv Spartanburg
Lv Glenn Springs
Lv Greenville
Lv Lurens
Lv Anderson
Lv Greenwood
Ar Augusta 8 28 am]. 11 45 am 4 10 pm Ar Augusta 4 44 pm 2 16 am Ly Calhoun Falls. Ar Raleigh..... Ar Norfolk..... Ar Petersburg Ar Richmond... 7 30 am 6 00 am 8 15 am Ar Fairfax 6 33 pm

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